

209 *American*
JUNIOR RED CROSS
May 1930 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





if flowers were folks -

I have a fancy now and then—
What if every flower
Could turn into a person for
A quarter of an hour!

Tiger lily'd be a dude,
Just depend upon it;
Daffodil a little lass
In a yellow bonnet;

Tall sunflower a farmer lad,
Big and hale and hearty;
Rose a very pretty girl
Ready for a party;

Dandelions, violets,
Children going to school;
Clovers, babies out at play
Pinky-cheeked and cool.

Nodding in the April sun
By the windowsill—
That would be grandmother, sweet
In a lilac frill.

There'd be laughter on the lawn,
Flutters in the lane,
Little scuttlings to and fro
Through the sun and rain,

Whistling on the windy hill,
Singing in the wood—
Flowers never can be folks,
But how I wish they could!

nancy.
byrd...
turner.



The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The May News in the School

Classroom Index of Contents

You will find useful material for the following subjects in this issue:

Auditorium:

"If Flowers Were Folks"—a delightful poem with a wide appeal. How many children have had a happy time in a make-believe world of flower people? One little girl of recent acquaintance had a King, with courtiers, a Queen with ladies in waiting, a royal infant with its nurse—all made of flowers; a delicate and beautiful kingdom.

Citizenship:

"What the Queen Meant" may be even more than she manages to get into royal words, but certainly her amazing dream has implications valuable in vocational guidance. The joys of productiveness are revealed as more alluring than the ennui of parasitism. Or, to stop being hifalutin, this story may lead members to look forward with vivid pleasure to mowing the family lawn, washing the automobile, and weeding the garden—if there is no family cow and if the laundry is sent out. It's a jolly tale and lends itself to effective dramatization.

"Man's Best Friend Takes a New Job" inspires still deeper respect for our "best friends."

"A League in Little" illustrates the principle of amity among neighbors. Schiller's drama, "William Tell," particularly Act II, is good "background" reading for teachers. It may be found in Brander Matthews' *Chief European Dramatists*. Again we think of the Czechoslovakian annual "Truce of God" that symbolizes a modern flowering of the inner spirit of peace. Alice Masarykova, instigator of the yearly observance, is quoted as saying: "We can prevent war only if we prevent the idle disputes at home. Wars do not begin spontaneously, in evident historical moments; they are the culmination of accumulated secret petty sins of small, so-called great people." ("Little House at Lany," *March Survey-Graphic*.) This is worth repeating in World Good Will Day observances.

"May Doings of Juniors" tells of various achievements.

Fitness for Service:

"Swim for Health—Safety—Fun!" If there is no water in which to swim, why not have fun anyway with the *Swimming and Life Saving Land Drills* prepared by the Life Saving Service of the American Red Cross? Ask for N. H. 81.

"What the Queen Meant" has ideas worth talking over in health classes.

Geography and History:

Bulgaria—Front cover.

Canada—"The Capsize of the Ice Queen" is a real thriller, based on true incidents.

Czechoslovakia—"Whitsuntide in Walachia" tells of an extra special kind of picnic.

United States—"A Moro Boy of Zamboanga" (Editorials). "Business Billy and the Bostons" suggests a broad background of pioneer life, for Billy's life covered a long range. "More About the Oregon Country" (Editorials) gives additional references.

Other Countries—"More P's and Q's of Correspondence;" "Comrades in Other Lands."

World Good Will Day (May 18)

Material useful in preparing World Good Will Day talks is given in "Business Billy and the Bostons," "A League in Little," "More P's and Q's of Correspondence," and "Comrades in Other Lands."

Programs for school assemblies on World Good Will Day may be obtained from the National Council for Prevention of War, 532 Seventeenth Street, Washington, D. C. A new World Good Will play, "Here We Come," is included in *Outdoor Plays for Boys and Girls*, by Sanford, Dodd Mead & Co., New York, 1930. \$2.50.

On May 15 the American School of the Air will broadcast as part of a program on world friendship the Good Will Message agreed on by Junior Red Cross delegates at the National Convention. The hour of the Broadcast is 2:30 Eastern Standard Time. There will be a nation-wide, and perhaps an international hook-up, with reciprocal messages from London.

Special Materials

A MAP OF CHILDREN EVERYWHERE, John Day Company, New York, is a color-map of the world, each section decorated with children in national dress. It makes the earth look a very buoyant place, with youngsters coasting down New England, raking up hay in Canada, riding ostriches in Australia, dancing the highland fling in Scotland.

The AMERICANIZATION DEPARTMENT of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, 1509 Transportation Building, Chicago, will furnish any school the following documents for framing purposes: The Constitution of the United States, in large type, the Declaration of Independence, a copy of the original; Lincoln's Gettysburg address and the Bixby letter—these last two contain Lincoln's picture.

The HIGHWAY EDUCATION BOARD announces its ninth annual street and highway safety contests. Details may be learned by writing 1723 N Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

The NATIONAL BUREAU OF CASUALTY AND SURETY UNDERWRITERS, New York, has issued Vol. IV of its educational series. The subject is *Safety Education in the Secondary Schools*, objectives and materials of instruction. It represents study of needs and devices for safety education among older pupils.

Developing Calendar Activities, May-August

Classroom Index of Activities

Art:

Making gifts and greetings for summer holidays; arranging exhibits of international correspondence for World Good Will Day; lettering captions for the exhibit; tinting snapshots taken during vacation travels.

Auditorium:

Preparing a World Good Will Day entertainment. See suggestions on page 1 of the GUIDE.

Civics:

Making a summary of service activities for the year; election of Junior Red Cross Council officers for next year.

English:

Preparing talks to explain the World Good Will exhibit; writing captions for the exhibit; writing invitations to parents; sending acknowledgments for all international correspondence received too late to answer with an album this year; writing vacation letters to friends made through service this year; helping adults who cannot read and write.

Geography:

Making a list of topics to use in school correspondence next year; keeping a log of vacation trips for use in correspondence next year; studying countries to which postcard showers are sent.

Handwork:

Making gifts for Christmas boxes; teaching handwork in playgrounds.

Health:

Leading in games on vacation playgrounds; drawing up a vacation plan for health—points that each individual will check for himself; learning new outdoor skills and improving in old ones.

Book Travels to Porto Rico

STORIES OF PORTO RICO; TROPICAL TALES; TALES OF BORINQUEEN, by Elizabeth Van Deusen. Silver Burdett & Co., Newark, N. J.

Porto Ricans approve the stories of Mrs. Van Deusen, because they are authoritative in background and understanding in their spirit. They have, besides, a clear-cut story-interest and explicit characterization that young readers will enjoy.

A Vacation Pleasure to Take With You

TWENTIETH CENTURY POETRY, edited by Drinkwater, Canby, and Benet. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1929, \$4.00.

Here we are, not quite one-third through the twentieth century, with over 600 pages of poetry acknowledged by editors who are not shallow enthusiasts, but themselves poets trained in scholarly appraisal. The book was long reading, for review purposes, because so many favorites coaxed me to dawdle. Again, among the unfamiliar, were new delights, until altogether the volume took many precious evenings—with little time left for entertaining statistical and comparative questions.

In passing, however, I note with curiosity that Great Britain, since 1900, confesses only seven women poets, as against forty-four men; while the United States sponsors sixteen women and forty men. I notice, too, that room is not found in this book, which covers less than thirty years, for several contemporaries deemed significant enough for inclusion in the *Anthology of World Poetry*, which covers more than thirty centuries, and for several others included in the *Winged Horse*—which takes in eight centuries. The editors of *Twentieth Century Poetry* are disarmingly frank in admitting the inevitable compulsion of personal preference, in any choice.

British poetry continues a tradition of serenity. God, even, remains a Dreamer—

"Under a bridge of stone, the bridge He leaned upon,
Time and the universe were idly eddying on."

—Clifford Bax.

There are no poems about starving miners, and the World War is a half-forgotten tale:

"The high song is over. Even the echoes fail now;
winners and losers—they are only a theme now,
their victory and defeat a half-forgotten tale now;
and even the angels are only a dream now."

—Humbert Wolfe.

The United States, also, for poets, was the land of the free more passionately at the beginning of the century than now. Nevertheless, Ridge, Leonard, Auslander and others have continued the tradition passed on by Moody and Markham. William Vaughn Moody, with whom the American half of the book begins, is given his rightful place, as "still of stature. . . . There are great indications in his work, greater, perhaps, than in that of any poet living today." I am glad that "Pandora's Song," my personal favorite among all poems, was not found too inspirational for inclusion. "The Menagerie" is the best among too few examples of humor. I wish that "The Brute" had not been omitted.

There are other great figures, too: Robinson, Frost, Lindsay, Sandburg, Lowell, Millay, Auslander, Benet, Neihardt, as well as those who may not yet have attained stature or who may remain only attractive figurines—or interesting grotesques.

Significance in illustrating "an important tendency" and the merit of "pronounced individuality" were primary bases of selection for the United States section. The first would seem by all rights to let in Edgar Guest—but it does not, though it does include one or two whose popularity has been smart rather than bourgeois. To this reviewer, some of the poems in current style do not seem to hold intrinsic justification for the class distinction that admits them. Among the ones allowed because of promise or achieved merit, also, are several I could spare, for the sake of having Wheelock, Hillyer, Dresbach, Guiterman, Hildegard Flanner, Marguerite Wilkinson, and others. Such questioning of anthologists as to choice may be a trifle officious, for after all, one likes a collection to be made with the affectionate prejudice of little girls building a scrapbook.

While this collection is meant for college and normal school age, it is in its favor that teachers will want to share a surprising number of the poems with even rather young pupil-friends. How has T. Sturge Moore's whimsical "Beautiful Meals" failed to be in every school reader? Or Sir Ronald Ross's science hymns, "Reply" and "The Father"? And others. For teachers in training and teachers in service, the book will prove a recreational delight as well as handbook of what is doing in poetry today. Will the last two-thirds of the century be as rich in material from which to compile the finished twentieth century anthology? Here's hoping!

Romance of the Revolution

RED COATS AND BLUE, by Harriette R. Campbell. Harper & Brothers, N. Y., 1930, \$2.00.

Written with fine swing, this novel is compounded of elements essential to American Revolution romance: a spoiled teen-age heroine, a Scotch father who inspires her hero worship and prevents the development of later psychoses by shaking her early in the story, three noble young men, a gypsy's fortune, messages in code, escape from the enemy, a fine Quakeress, and—courtly Sir William Howe.

Today's romance takes cognizance of a debunking inheritance of the young. The storm at sea is done with good realism. War is shown confused by passion on both sides, by breaking of blood-ties and love-ties, by equal consciences of those with opposite views.

Among noble characters drawn from either side are included Scotch, English, Irish, Quakers, Bostonians, New York farmers. This is well done, yet hardly an advance; for as I recall my own ten-year-old discovery, *Janice Meredith* made me quite as fond of the British as of the colonists. For the sake of present applications, I wish

(Continued on page 4)

Fitness for Service, May-August

Sane or Silly Sun-Bathing?

Sensible advice on temperance in sun-bathing is given in an article sent out by the League of Red Cross Societies:

"There has been a very remarkable advance in our scientific knowledge of sun-bathing. Highly trained research workers, employing instruments of precision, and subjecting their tests to strict controls, have proved beyond doubt that sunlight is a most potent influence for good provided it is employed with the strictest caution. Rickets, for example, have been shown to vanish under properly graduated sunlight. Many other instances could be quoted of its healing action, but in every case success has depended on careful dosage.

"In the large institutions in which sun-baths are given under the control of experts, the most meticulous care is taken to prevent ill effects. A new patient is not, as a rule, given a sun-bath as soon as he arrives. He may, indeed, be kept out of the sun during the first week or even longer. Meanwhile, he is gradually trained to stand more and more fresh air admitted through open doors and windows. From his bedroom he is moved after a few days on to a balcony, where he remains one hour the first day, two hours the second day, and so on. But during this novitiate, he is not exposed directly to the sun. Only when he has become thoroughly acclimatized is he given his first short dose of sunlight. His head is protected by an umbrella or white hat, and his eyes by snow spectacles. He is clothed with some white material which absorbs little of the sun's heat. On the first day, only the feet are exposed, for five minutes at a time. Between exposures there is an interval of an hour, so that only three or four exposures are given on the first day. On the second day, the legs up to the knees are exposed. On the third day, the whole of the legs are exposed. On the fourth and fifth days the abdomen also is included. This cautious procedure enables the patient to make some advance, however slight, every day. Both the front and back of the body are exposed in turns as he lies on his bed, and after the skin has become well pigmented, and he has become acclimatized, he may tolerate four to six hours of sunlight every day, without feeling any discomfort.

"The case of the person who is not ill enough to be called a patient, and who thinks he is well enough to dispense with a doctor's advice is very different. He has worked all winter in a sunless office, has had two or three attacks of bronchitis during the winter, and is feeling run down. But what buoys him up is the prospect of a month's holiday in the summer. Then, in a month, he is going to put everything right, and return to work looking like one of those athletic figures with whose nude beauty he has become familiar in the pages of the illustrated papers. His holiday arrives, he travels in a hot and dusty train to some sea-side resort. He goes straight to the beach and at once takes a sun-bath of several hours, his head and neck bare. He returns to his lodging with a thumping headache and a touch of fever. After a restless night, he sallies forth once more and sits in the blazing sun, morning and afternoon. He now feels thoroughly unwell, his pulse is rapid and irregular, his constant headache makes him intensely irritable, and his only consolation is the sight of a red instead of a white face in the looking glass. Here is surely a sign of bounding health and vitality! A few rainy days, which he curses heartily and which force him to rest indoors, save him from utter disaster; but as soon as the sun comes out again, he goes back to his unlimited sun-worship. At the end of his holiday he returns to work with a blistered skin and a debilitated constitution. After a few weeks of quiet routine work at home, he actually feels better, and is better than at the end of his holiday; and he explains this curious phenomenon by jumping to the conclusion that 'you do not feel the good a holiday does you till it is over.'

"It is not sufficiently realized that most of the benefits of the sun can be enjoyed indirectly. It has been poetically, yet quite truthfully, said that we can eat sunlight. The sun pours down on a grassy slope, and its radiant energy passes into the grass whence it travels to the

grazing cow, through her milk to the butter which we eat. Highly concentrated stored-up sunlight may also be taken in the form of codliver oil. Another way in which the beneficial rays of the sun may be exploited is by exposure of the skin to bright daylight. For the ultra-violet rays come from the sky-shine, from the blue sky and white clouds, as well as directly from the sun, and the amount from the total sky-shine is greater than that from the direct sun, even when it is at the zenith, and far greater when the sun is low in the heavens. Sky-shine is a cool source of ultra-violet light, and is, therefore, much safer than direct sunshine.

"Much of the benefit of sun-baths depends on factors which have nothing to do with the sun. One of them is the cool fresh air which acts as a tonic, speeding up the various chemical processes on which life depends. Another most beneficial factor is the complete rest which a sun-bath imposes. The city dweller, who has been run off his feet when he was not racking his brains in an office may think, as he basks in the sun with shaded glasses to protect his eyes, that it is the sun alone which is going to do him good. But the complete relaxation of his body and the temporary vacuity of mind, favored by shaded glasses which discourage reading, afford opportunities for repair of muscle, brain and other structures, the value of which can not be exaggerated. She was a wise as well as truthful old woman who said:

"'Sometimes I sits and thinks, and sometimes I only sits.'"

A United States Hero of Health

EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU, by Hallock and Turner. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, Mass., 1929.

This new number in the HEALTH HEROES series is readable partly because of its inviting type and size, even more so because of its clear narrative style, and most so because of the skill in selection of material. From the life of a lovable personality, those incidents are chosen which make his moving, human genius live again. Early episodes of the hero's boyish pranks win humorous sympathy, and the tragedy of his early break in health is made poignant. Then comes the gallant struggle for personal survival, in the primitive Adirondack camp, and out of that personal battle one of the greatest forward movements in human salvation—removing death's sting from tuberculosis. A bare outline of facts in Trudeau's life would be stuff of romance. Narrative talent, with insight into the deeper social significance of the beloved physician's work has made a story that young readers from nine to ninety should enjoy.

For Youthful Linguists

MONSIEUR AND MADAME, by Edwin Dimock and Louis Glackens. Harper and Brothers, New York.

This volume of French jingles for young students of the language, though not a this year's book, is surely an every year's book. By means of delicious drawings, and appropriate verses, children's natural love of personification is used to fix in memory rules of gender. Most little girls already have Monsieur Knife and Madame Fork right; and poets of all languages agree on Lady Moon. That helps make the others seem reasonable. The authors are probably not over-confident in defying childhood—first or second—to forget a single gender after studying MONSIEUR AND MADAME.

Considerable vocabulary and syntax will likewise be absorbed. Even where French is not taught, the book will be fascinating to youthful readers and may inspire language interest, invaluable a little later.

Junior Red Cross in Summer Schools

A JUNIOR RED CROSS course will again be given for credit at Teachers College, Columbia University, and Peabody Institute, Nashville, Tenn. At Madison, Wisconsin, and the University of California, Berkeley, intensive courses will be given, though not for credit.

Last summer, visiting instructors gave addresses on the Junior Red Cross to 33,409 summer school students in assemblies, and presented the work more specifically to 687 subject classes—reaching 3,294 geography teachers, 833 civics teachers, 1,221 English teachers, 2,542 teachers of drawing, and household and manual arts, and 18,134 others in such classes as primary education, rural education, etc.

The list of Summer Schools in which Junior Red Cross will again be presented in this same way, by visiting instructors, is still not complete. At the time this TEACHER'S GUIDE goes to press, the following assignments have been made:

Eastern Area

- ALABAMA:** State Teachers Colleges at Jacksonville and Troy; Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn; Tuskegee Normal & Industrial Institute, Tuskegee; University of Alabama, University.
- DELAWARE:** University of Delaware, Newark.
- FLORIDA:** University of Florida, Gainesville; State College for Women, Tallahassee.
- GEORGIA:** South Georgia Teachers College, Collegeboro.
- INDIANA:** Indiana University, Bloomington; Teachers College of Indianapolis, Indianapolis; State Teachers Colleges at Muncie and Terre Haute.
- KENTUCKY:** Berea College, Berea.
- LOUISIANA:** State University and Agricultural & Mechanical College, Baton Rouge; Southwestern Louisiana Institute, Lafayette.
- MAINE:** State Normal Schools at Augusta, Gorham, Machias, and Presque Isle.
- MASSACHUSETTS:** State Normal Schools at Hyannis and North Adams.
- MISSISSIPPI:** State Teachers Colleges at Cleveland and Hattiesburg; Mississippi College, Clinton.
- NEW HAMPSHIRE:** University of New Hampshire, Durham; Normal School, Plymouth.
- NEW JERSEY:** Rutgers University, Brunswick.
- NEW YORK:** State Teachers College, Buffalo; State Normal Schools at New Paltz, Oneonta, and Oswego.
- NORTH CAROLINA:** Normal and Associated Schools, Asheville; Summer School of Duke University, Durham; East Carolina Teachers College, Greenville.
- OHIO:** State Normal School, Bowling Green; Kent State College, Kent.
- PENNSYLVANIA:** State Teachers Colleges at California, Clarion, East Stroudsburg, Edinboro, Indiana, Mansfield, Shippensburg; State College, State College.
- SOUTH CAROLINA:** Furman University, Greenville; Newberry College Summer School, Newberry.
- TENNESSEE:** University of Tennessee, Knoxville; State Teachers Colleges at Johnson City and Memphis.
- VIRGINIA:** State Teachers College, Harrisonburg; Virginia Normal and Industrial Institute, Petersburg; University of Virginia, University.
- WEST VIRGINIA:** State Normal Schools at Athens, Fairmont, and Shepherdstown.

Midwestern Area

- ARKANSAS:** University of Arkansas, Fayetteville; Arkansas A. & M. College, Monticello; State Teachers College, Conway.

COLORADO: University of Colorado, Boulder; State Teachers Colleges at Alamosa, Greeley, Gunnison.

ILLINOIS: State Normal Universities at Carbondale and Normal; State Teachers Colleges at Charleston, DeKalb, and Macomb.

IOWA: Iowa State Teachers College, Cedar Falls.

KANSAS: State Teachers Colleges at Emporia, Hays, and Pittsburg; Bethany College, Lindsborg; Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan.

MICHIGAN: University of Michigan, Ann Arbor; Detroit Teachers College, Detroit; State Normal Schools at Kalamazoo and Ypsilanti; State Teachers Colleges at Marquette and Mt. Pleasant.

MINNESOTA: State Teachers Colleges at Bemidji, Duluth, Mankato, Moorhead, St. Cloud, Winona.

MISSOURI: State Teachers Colleges at Cape Girardeau, Kirksville, Springfield, and Warrensburg; Lincoln University, Jefferson City.

MONTANA: State Normal Schools at Billings and Dillon; State University, Missoula.

NEBRASKA: State Teachers Colleges at Chadron, Kearney, and Peru.

NEW MEXICO: University of New Mexico, Albuquerque; Spanish American Normal School, El Rito; New Mexico Normal University, Las Vegas; State Teachers College, Silver City.

NORTH DAKOTA: State Normal School, Dickinson; State Normal & Industrial School, Ellendale; State Teachers Colleges at Mayville, Minot, and Valley City.

OKLAHOMA: State Teachers Colleges at Ada, Durant, Alva, Edmond; University of Oklahoma, Norman.

SOUTH DAKOTA: Northern Normal & Industrial School, Aberdeen; State Normal Schools at Madison, Spearfish, Springfield.

TEXAS: State Teachers Colleges at Alpine, Canyon, Denton, Huntsville, Nacogdoches, San Marcos; Baylor College for Women, Belton; College of Industrial Arts, Denton; Baylor University, Waco.

WISCONSIN: State Teachers Colleges at Eau Claire, La Crosse, Milwaukee, Platteville, River Falls, Superior, Whitewater, and Stevens Point.

WYOMING: University of Wyoming, Laramie.

Pacific Area

CALIFORNIA: University of California, Berkeley; State Teachers Colleges at Arcata, Chico, Fresno, San Diego, San Jose, San Francisco, and Santa Barbara; College of the Pacific, Stockton; Swope Institutes at Long Beach and Santa Cruz.

IDAHO: State Normal School, Lewiston.

NEVADA: University of Nevada, Reno.

OREGON: State Normal Schools at Monmouth and La-grande; Marylhurst Normal School, Oswego.

WASHINGTON: State Normal Schools at Bellingham, Cheney, and Ellensburg; College of Puget Sound, Tacoma; Gonzaga University, Spokane.

Romance of the Revolution

(Continued from page 2)

that this novel had an individualized, likable German. The Hessians are viewed only en masse—marauding mercenaries. It may mean fortunately nothing in the rush of a youngster's reading, but it was a point worth guarding.

The book is first-rate American and British history, for about the sixth grade through junior high. Descriptive background receives attention: English landscape, Scotch highlands, Manhattan, notable figures and current fashions. Characters are easily distinguishable types. The little heroine about whom they move is human, with perversity, pluck, and maturing womanliness.

The Capsize of the Ice Queen

HARRIETTE WILBURR PORTER

Illustrations by Frank J. Rigney

THIS story is based on fact. Mrs. Porter wrote us that a few years ago two boys of St. John's did board an iceberg which burst and the wave that followed did set their boat up on a cliff just as she has it in her story. The story of the *Portia* is also true. In connection with this story, you might like to look up the work of the Ice Patrol which is conducted by the United States Coast Guard. After the great liner *Titanic* was sunk, April 14, 1912, by collision with a huge iceberg, fourteen nations agreed to keep up a continuous patrol of the North Atlantic during berg season, a period of about four months, from March 15 to July 15. The United States manages the service, and each of the fourteen nations bears its share of the cost in proportion to its shipping tonnage.

—THE EDITOR.

"THE Ice Queen, isn't she, Don?"
"Yes, so she is, Glen."

It was June in St. John's. And Signal Point, that high northern wall of the narrow harbor entrance, made a fine reviewing stand for the majestic parade of the iceberg fleet coming down on the Labrador Current.

Glen Franklin, who lived in Chicago, was making his first visit to Newfoundland. And his delight in the inspiring parade made it almost a new thing to Don McDonald, who had seen it every one of his fifteen summers.

They had been watching and naming the five great bergs of various shapes. But the beauty of them all was the Ice Queen, whose glistening sails appeared to move as she rounded the cliff not a mile off shore.

"What fun to be aboard her. Let's go out in your *Bell Buoy*, and board her, Don." Glen's fists dug excitedly into his blue sweater pockets.

But Don knew the adventure was not without danger.

"Better not. An iceberg sometimes starts rolling. Even rolls clean over."

"Why?"

"It may melt unevenly and so shift weight. Or a big hunk may break loose and start the berg rolling. Sometimes one even blows up, because the air in the ice expands with the heat."

"But none of the bergs we've watched all week has rolled, or split, or exploded."

"No, they haven't. I didn't say every berg rolls, or splits, or explodes. Only that sometimes one does. Most generally they just float along until they melt away."

"Have you ever been aboard a berg?"

"Once, with a fisherman."

"And nothing happened?"

"No. Only he said it was risky business."

"Then come on, Don. Don't let's be 'fraid cats over something that isn't likely to happen."

So Glen's enthusiasm won Don. But not all his uneasiness was gone when he had the *Bell Buoy* through The Narrows and into open sea headed toward the oncoming Ice Queen, though she looked serene and safe enough, drifting quietly through the blue water under blue sky, her white sails flickering with rainbow gleams of green, blue and purple.

"They reach awfully deep down, don't they?" said Glen.

"Uh-huh, floating ice carries seven eighths of its weight below water. Though some of the under water weight may be spread out like a platform. It usually is; so most bergs have a beach, like real islands."

And then Don told the story of the steamer *Portia*. To please his passengers, her captain took her closer to a berg than he knew was safe. And suddenly the berg began to roll, from the jar of the propeller, and the *Portia* was hoisted a dozen feet out of water by the ice shelf beneath her, and hung there until the berg rolled back again and the great wave it made swept her out beyond the shelf.

Glen laughed. "Well, the *Bell Buoy* won't jar the Ice Queen much. Look at her crew."

Don glanced over his shoulder at the gulls circling about the twinkling sails.

"They go there to rest and to eat their catch of fish. Often bergs have passengers, too—a herd of seals, for instance. Once a polar bear was found near St. John's. He'd come down on a berg and was hiking back home. Whalers and fishermen often board bergs for fresh water, and eggs, and even seals."

"Say, Robinson Crusoe could live pretty comfortably on a berg, couldn't he? He



The view was reward enough for their Alpine climb

could build an igloo to live in."

But, as the boys neared the berg, the chill and silence of the enormous mass sobered them considerably.

"My, it's mammoth," Glen half whispered.

"It certainly is. Want to go back?"

"No, let's land, now we're this close."

Scouting along the beach of the berg, the boys found a little cove where they could haul up the boat and tie her to a stout hummock for snubbing post. A little basin hollowed in a ledge by a trickling rill of clear, fresh water made a fine drinking font. Glen snapped a long thick icicle from the dripping ledge—for a keepsake, so he said!

Don collected a stick of driftwood stranded in a pocket-like nook. "Crusoe could have firewood, you see."

"He wouldn't need it to keep warm, days like this." Glen fanned himself with his icicle souvenir. "Hot, isn't it, even so near sunset?"

"Uh-huh, ice draws heat like a burning glass. That's one reason bergs are dangerous things. Ready to go now?"

"Don't let's hurry, Don. What are those black spots up there in the ice?"

"Earth scraped from mountain sides by the glacier. And look at this boulder," Don added, as he rounded a cliffy wall of ice.

"Why, it's real rock. Look at the moss on it!"

exclaimed Glen. "Say, let's climb to the highest mast-head, Don."

Fear clutched at Don's heart like a cold hand. "That would keep us here too long, I'm afraid."

"Oh, we've lots of time to get back before dark."

It did seem foolish to fear this solid mountain of ice, yet Don was nervous all the while they were scrambling up jagged peaks and over shelves and crags.

The view at the top was reward enough for their Alpine climb. To the right lay the blue Atlantic, be-diamonded with gleaming bergs and floe ice. On the left were Newfoundland's frowning headlands and caverned sea walls, streaked with silver where brooks tumbled over projecting "short offs."

"Queer, though. I expected Newfoundland to be on our right," said Glen.

"Me, too. Must have lost our direction while—what's that?"

A muffled crack jarred the solid ice beneath them. Like an underground blast it echoed and spread as it died away.

"Hurry, Glen. We mustn't stay a minute longer here."

They scrambled down ice walls and ledges as though fear pushed them on with trembling hand. Suddenly Don heard a sharp cry of

pain from Glen.

"Glen, what is it?"

"Nothing. Go on."

But Don saw that Glen was hobbling and that his face was white and twisted with pain.

"Your ankle? Don't step on it. Here, I'll carry you."

Don caught his cousin by the hands and slung him aboard as Scoutmaster Banks had taught him. Now he must pick his way more carefully, much as he longed to hurry. As he eased himself over a ledge, there came another growl of menace, this time above them.

"What makes those cracks? Is it—exploding?"

"I—don't know. I—hope—not."

"Let me down. It's not a sprain. Just a twist. I'll follow fast as I can, and you can be getting the *Bell Buoy* off. But aren't you turning wrong?" Glen called as Don set off around a corner.

"No, we came this way, I'm certain."

"But Newfoundland was on our left, on that peak. See the sunset, too."

"Of course." Don hurried off in the opposite direction.

Every step increased his relief. Yet each time he rounded a corner, expecting to see the *Bell Buoy*—no boat. He stopped, dazed. Surely he had come far enough. Had the boat got adrift? Another thud of menace gathered momentum and echoed above, behind, all about him. Where was the *Bell Buoy*? And familiar landmarks near their landing place, that drinking font, and—

Don laughed in quick relief and turned to run back the way he had come.

"The Ice Queen revolves as she drifts," he shouted, when he came in sight of Glen. "We took the wrong turn back there."

They hurried back the way they had come, Don in the lead to spy the welcome sight of the *Bell Buoy*, which they found just as they had left her.

Untying the rope, Don lost no time shoving off.

They were not many rods out when a deafening roar tore the air. And before their horrified eyes a great piece slid from the Ice Queen's sails and plunged into the sea. The very peak where they had stood had sloughed off the rotting berg and disappeared in a geyser of water and spray. Then Don shouted:

"Look at that wave coming. Grab that seat. Wrap yourself about it with legs and arms. Don't let go, no matter what happens."

He threw the oars aboard and reefed himself about the rower's bench just as a swooping lift caught the boat. As though a giant's hand had reached up from the sea and cuffed her into space, the *Bell Buoy* swept forward.

She dropped into the trough of the waves. Another upward swoop, another downward coast. Up again. Down again. Up. Down. She poised like a gull as she sped forward, clean and true. Spray wet them, but the boat remained upright as she cut crest and trough.

Yet every instant was carrying them closer to the shore. When the boat hit the cliff ahead—Don could not think farther than that. He could only wait in agony for the impact.

The wave struck the rocky wall, amid blinding mist and deafening shock. Nothing could save them. The boat would be shattered like an eggshell. And they would be—

But the *Bell Buoy* did not strike the cliff. She was moving back with the wave that had cushioned her from

the rocks. There was still hope that—

Then Don sensed an amazing thing. The *Bell Buoy* had stopped. He dashed water from his eyes and stared. The boat was pocketed on a cavernous ledge, as neatly as a lady puts a dish on a shelf.

A wave, roaring and hissing in from the sea, struck the cliff. Spray jetted over them. But the boat didn't budge. The force of the wave was spent below, and though the roller lunged for them again and again, it could not reach them.

"Glen, we're safe!"

"Yes, but where are we?" Glen stared about the cavern.

They found themselves on a hollowed ledge about four times the width of the boat. The cavern resembled an old-fashioned fireplace, with an overhanging hood. Above, the rock roof shot up and out, keeping the line of the sheer side-



The boat remained upright as she cut crest and trough, but every moment was carrying them closer to the cliff

walls. Beneath the ledge that barricaded the *Bell Buoy* so securely was nothing but space overhanging jagged rocks.

"Say, how high up are we, anyway?"

"A hundred feet, maybe two," said Don.

"But how are we going to get away from here? Can't dive, that's certain. And as for climbing—" Glen leaned around the edge of the cavern's lip and looked up and down. "Seems to be all overlook from here up. And from here down, too."

He was more alarmed than he would admit. The coast of Newfoundland is practically inaccessible, perpendicular or worse, and with no crags or shrubs for foot- and hand-hold.

"Then we're caught in a trap?" Glen's eyes besought Don's.

"Oh, maybe not. But no use starting either way, now. It would be dark before we got anywhere. We'll be all right here until morning. Let's see your ankle."

Don found it much swollen, and thanked his First Aid training for knowledge of how to treat it. He whittled splints from a bench of the *Bell Buoy* and bound it with Glen's handkerchief and shoestring.

Dusk settled, bringing fog from the sea. The boys were already wet and shivering. Don decided to use part of the *Bell Buoy* for firewood, and, with an oar, he succeeded in ripping off the benches and lining boards. Then, with Glen's help, he upended the boat with an oar at each end for prop. Behind that shelter he built his small fire, thankful for the Scout training that made him always carry matches in a safe and enabled him to kindle a fire from damp wood.

They drank the water trickling down the wall of the cavern. Hunger they could endure for the night. All night they lay curled close together, dozing, or pretending to doze.

Daylight was gray with fog, and the wind threatened a northeaster. Without disturbing Glen, Don slipped away to study the cliff. Nothing but bare, steep walls. With no rope except the boat's painter and a cheap jackknife, he was poorly equipped for mountain climbing. Going down was less difficult, probably. The corners of the cavernous mouth of the ledge were smooth. With the rope for snubber, he might swing down to that and so by degrees work his way down to the water. Now to get the rope and start—

A sharp whistle close by cut through the muffling fog. Running to the ledge, Don looked down almost directly upon a tug coasting past. Several sailors were at the landward rail, studying the shoreline. A search party!

"Help, help!" Don megaphoned his loudest, and Glen, hobbling out, added his shouts.

Wind, waves, fog, the beat of machinery, drowned their voices. And nobody thought of looking so high up.

"They expect us to be—down there!" cried Glen.

"See that fellow signalling? To some other boat around the cliff? See—NO SIGN?"

"No sign of us?"

"I'll give them one."

Don ran for a charred brand, which he hurled over the cliff. It struck the water behind the tug and disappeared with scarcely a splash.

"They didn't see it!" wailed Glen. "And they're going by."

Don ran for more billets. But too late. The tugmen didn't see the second one, or the third, and rounded the cliff still searching the shoreline.

Even as the boys stared at each other with frightened eyes there came another shrill blast. This time another tug was coasting by from the direction of the harbor.

"Mother! There's mother!" cried Glen.

"And mine. And father!"

All three, and several sailors, were watching the shore.

"They must look higher. Or see something—"

Don was peeling off his coat. Over it went, sailing like an eagle. It fell close to the inner rail. Before it struck the water, faces that had followed its fall were being raised up, up, up to their elevated perch.

Snatching off his coat, Glen flapped it wildly, while Don waved both arms and whooped.

For an instant those below stared at the two castaways. Then all began waving and cheering. The captain of the tug megaphoned up to them:

"Men will take you off from above. Have patience until they come."

The tug swung in a short circle and put off in her own wake at her best clip. It seemed hours before the *Moonbeam* returned and began directing the men working above. But at last over the ledge above the boys dangled a man riding safely in a breeches buoy. He tossed a rope to them and they pulled him in.

"Who'd a thought it? That berg stirred up the harbor wild enough. But who'd a thought it could pick up you two lads, boat and all, and set you here like a bird's nest on a twig!"

The marvel has always been impossible to understand for the two who experienced it. But, for all anyone knows, the *Bell Buoy* is still where that wave tucked her, rotting in sun and wind and weather.

The dog guide wears a special harness with a semi-stiff U-shaped handle. He goes at a fast walk so that any slackening in his gait for an obstacle is instantly felt, through the handle, by the master



Owners of dog guides prefer them to human guides. People, they say, sometimes become interested in the conversation or the scenery and forget to indicate obstacles. But a dog guide never for one minute lets his attention wander

Man's Best Friend Takes a New Job

MAN'S best friend, the dog, is learning to be the eyes of the blind, just as he was taught by the monks of St. Bernard to be the savior of travellers lost in the snowy Alpine pass.

In Germany, Switzerland and the United States, the intelligent German shepherd dog is going to school so that he can learn to lead his sightless master safely through the traffic-ridden thoroughfares.

It is a kind world, but a busy one, and even friends can not always sacrifice the time to lead a blind person about. But a man's dog asks nothing better than always to be in the company of his master. On thinking over the dog's proved qualities of devotion and intelligence, people interested in the blind man's problem began to realize that this animal could solve it. So the German shepherd dog, in whom these two characteristics are particularly highly developed, was sent to training school.

The trust was not betrayed. Not long ago a 20-month-old shepherd dog, trained at The Seeing Eye Kennels in Nashville, Tennessee, was put to the severest possible test. He was given a chance to lead his blind master by "the busiest corner on earth"—a crossing in New York City. A large crowd breathlessly watched the dog wait for the traffic signals to change*, start across the street at a brisk walk, pull back to warn of the curb, and then proceed, his master following unhesitatingly. Through the stiff handle of the

dog's harness the blind man could feel the animal pulling back and knew this for the signal that they were approaching an obstacle.

Last June a blinded war veteran walked from Berlin to Vienna, safely led by his dog, who was trained never to leave the highways, always to stop at crossings, and to bark when strangers approached, so that his master might ask them for information.

Germany was the first to take up the training of dogs as guides for the blind, beginning the work soon after the end of the World War. Besides several "private schools," Germany now has two "public schools" from which the government supplies the war-blinded men with trained dog guides.

Several years ago, Mrs. Dorothy Harrison Eustis, an American, who had been breeding German shepherd dogs in Switzerland and training them as police dogs and Red Cross dogs, went to Germany and saw how dogs there were learning to lead the blind. She was so impressed with what she saw that she started the training of her dogs along the same lines. Experts teach the dogs to keep always to the right, to stop before curb stones, stairways and doors, and even to judge whether something far above the dogs' heads, such as an overhanging branch or the edge of an awning, might harm the human master. If so, the dogs must lead them around it. The animals are so intelligent that they seldom make mistakes, but if they do they are not beaten. As punishment the instructor falls down and pretends to cry. A dog can not bear to see his master cry and never repeats the mistake.

*The dog does not know the difference between the red and green traffic lights. But he sees the traffic stop and takes the opportunity to cross.

After three months the day arrives for final examination. A dog that can successfully conduct a blindfolded instructor about the city of Lausanne receives a pilot's license.

But this is not all. The next thing is to train the dog together with the future master. To the Lausanne school come blind people wanting dog guides. Many come from Switzerland, some from other countries. The Italian government, for instance, has sent a number of the Italian war-blinded to be trained with dogs. For three weeks dog and future master "practice" together, each getting used to the ways of the other. Further, the master learns how best to care for his future companion and what to feed the dog when well and when ill.

A few years ago all this came to the ears of a young man in America who had been blind for three years. He wrote Mrs. Eustis that, if it was really true that dogs could be trained to lead the blind, then he wanted to help the blind of

America to have their dogs. Mrs. Eustis offered as a proof to train a dog for him if he would come to Switzerland to be trained with it, and the young man willingly accepted. One day towards the end of the training period, he turned to Mrs. Eustis and said: "I've kept a smile on my face for three years because I had to, but now I can smile because I want to. I'm free. My dog has signed my Declaration of Independence."

Directly he got home this young man, whose name is Morris Frank, started to work to help the blind of the United States. Mrs. Eustis sent him three dogs and a teacher of dogs, and with these he started his training school. That one of his dogs should successfully lead a blind man across "the busiest corner on earth" indicates what he has already accomplished. So well has the experiment worked that plans are being laid to establish other Seeing Eye kennels.

Business Billy and the Bostons

FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR

"**M**UCH business me Billy," the little bright-eyed Nez Percé farmer would say, selling the produce of his orchard and garden to travelers from over the mountains. "Much business me Billy." So, in those middle years of the last century that saw the amazing flood of travel into Oregon, newcomers learned to call the little Indian "Business Billy," just as the Indians of the Northwest called the settlers from the eastern United States the "Bostons."

Perhaps because he was undersized, Billy had early decided to become a wise man rather than a warrior. During his lifetime the warpath and the hunt vanished forever; he saw his race turn from hunting in vast forest solitudes to a quiet existence hedged about by cities and farms. Billy was the historian of the tribe; he noted each of the events that brought about so great a change.

Many of the Indian bands resented the coming of the white man from the East and his intrusion upon their old ways of life. They knew—and if they did not know, the Hudson's Bay Company men would tell them so—that with the building of white men's homes the days of trading and trapping would soon be over. But

the Nez Percés were quick to welcome the newcomers, and with good reason. Had they not asked them to come?

Billy's people had been sun worshippers. But they had been much impressed with what Lewis and Clark, when they passed that way in 1805, told them of a new kind of Great Spirit. Later they heard more of the white man's religion from the Canadian trappers and traders, and at last, being an earnest and deeply religious people, they determined to try to learn still more of the new faith. So in 1831 four leaders of the tribe, Speaking Eagle, Man of the Morning, Rabbit-Skin Leggings and No Horns, had set out for St. Louis to ask for teachers of this wonderful religion.*

Billy himself liked to recall how as a lad of ten he had watched the departure of the four messengers, one of them his own cousin; how summer after summer the tribe had traveled to the meeting place of the American trappers with the hope of an answer to their appeal; how with joy, at last, they had welcomed the missionaries,

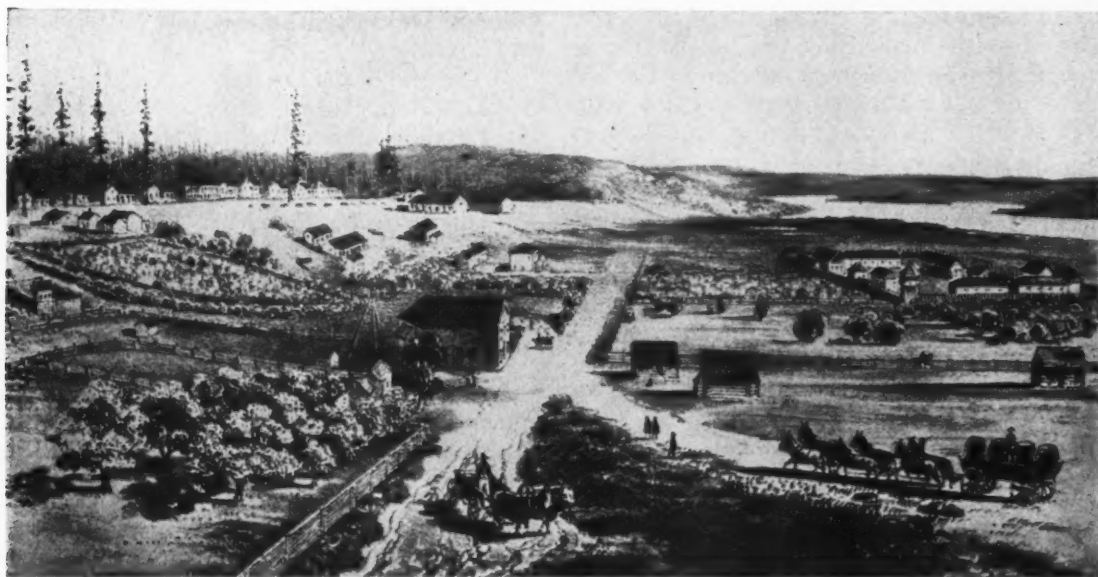
*Some records say that the four messengers to St. Louis were Flathead Indians. The story as given here was told by Billy Williams himself, and is in accordance with the traditions of the Nez Percé tribe.

Henry and Eliza Spalding, to a home among them.

These missionaries were the forerunners of the great migration that marked the years of Billy's young manhood. The predicted changes came speedily. Billy and many another of his tribe were ready for them. Henry and Eliza Spalding preached not only a gospel, but a way of living as well. Billy was quick to learn what they had to teach him. One day the missionary showed Billy a potato, explaining how it should be planted. He pared one and gave Billy a piece.

White, who brought with him the first large group of settlers over the Oregon Trail. Dr. Marcus Whitman led another and greater party a year or two later. From that time on, each year brought its great caravan of newcomers to settle on the land, with the final result that the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company came to an end and the flag of the United States was hoisted over the Oregon Country.

Though the Nez Percés had accepted the new ways of the whites, the wilder Indians had fiercely resented the coming of the settlers and



Fort Vancouver was established on the Columbia River by John McLoughlin, governor for the Hudson's Bay Company. He ruled his vast domain with great severity but with equal wisdom and justice. And while, as representative of the fur traders, he bated the coming of settlers, he never failed in kindness or hospitality to those who sought refuge at Fort Vancouver

"Taats," said Billy. "It is good." And the next summer the young Indian had a potato patch of his own, a garden that was the wonder of his tribe. The girl who a year before had turned her brown eyes upon some more dashing warrior, now began to believe that Billy's achievements, too, were worth while. Many years after, Billy and his old wife would laugh together over those early days and the corn and potatoes that had won her heart.

With amazement the Nez Percés saw the gristmill set up by the "Bostons," saw it turn the grain into snowy meal. Billy liked the ways of the whites and felt that this new path was a good one. He had the first orchard in the Kamiah Valley.

Billy's people also received kindly the man sent by our government with laws for the Indians' obedience. This man was Dr. Elijah

at last the bitter dissatisfaction of the Cayuses broke out in the terrible massacre of the missionaries at Waiilatpu. It was a great sadness to the Nez Percés that they must give up their own beloved missionaries, who were also in great danger. They took the Spalding family safely to Peter Skene Ogden, the Hudson's Bay Company factor who had paid the wild Cayuse Indians a heavy ransom for the return of those captives whom they had not killed. But the Nez Percés refused a reward. "These are our friends," they said. "We are not selling them to you." They were not again to see Mrs. Spalding, whom they loved so well; and when her husband came back to them twenty-five years afterwards he was an old man.

In the Cayuse war which followed the destruction of the mission station at Waiilatpu, the Nez Percés remained at peace. A few years later,

when Isaac Stevens, governor of Washington Territory, strove to make a treaty with the tribes of the region and to secure for them permanent locations in the midst of onrushing settlement, the loyalty of the Nez Percé chief, Lawyer, saved him from treachery and death. Lawyer knew that the other tribes were planning a surprise attack upon the few whites who had come to council; in the middle of the night he quietly moved the Nez Percé tepees to a position surrounding and protecting the tents of the governor and his men. When dawn came the hostile chiefs knew they dared not attack now.

Soon after came the Yakima war of 1855 and 1856. Though small, Billy was not lacking in courage. He carried many a message for Colonel Steptoe in that calamitous time, and ever after loved to recall his adventures as an "express-man," or scout.

When the war cloud had passed, the discovery of gold in the Idaho hills brought a tide of treasure seekers that paid no attention to treaties or boundaries. If ever the Nez Percés had lost their friendliness, it might have been at this time. The town of Lewiston speedily grew up on their land, without legal right. But the Indians accepted the inevitable and there was no warfare.

When trouble did come, it was not with the Nez Percés proper. Chief Joseph represented but a portion of that tribe, the group that had been most closely allied by habits and by intermarriage with the Cayuses. These restless people refused to remain on a reservation and declared it wicked to deface the bosom of their mother, the earth, by sowing and planting. So when they fought the troops of the United States, they were at war also with the peaceable members of the Nez Percé tribe and Billy was one of these.

By this time there were again missionaries on the reservation. Mr. Spalding had died three years before, having ordained Billy as one of the first three native deacons of the church. Miss Susan L. McBeth, a frail little Scotchwoman, had taken up her home among them at Kamiah in that summer of 1877, almost in the path of Joseph's fighting band. Billy was one of the forty-five faithful Nez Percés who brought her safely out of the danger area to the Fort at Lapwai Creek.

When that summer of danger was over, the surrounding whites, in anger and terror, declared they would have nothing more to do with any Indians. It mattered not, they said, that the greater number of the Nez Percés had remained friendly and peaceful. A citizen of the town of Mount Idaho sent for Billy Williams; Billy came without asking the reason. It was a town to which he had often brought his apples and berries in quieter days. His white friend met him; arm in arm they walked together up and down the streets of the town. No one offered to molest them; no one needed to be reminded of Nez Percé friendliness. The wild talk of retaliation died down.

To the end of his life Billy was willing to accept new ideas. Many of his people were afraid of the division of their land into individual farms by the new system started among the Nez Percés in 1889. Billy was one of the first to consent and choose his allotment. It had long been his own in all but legal title. His orchard, his garden, his house, barn and workshop well supplied with tools and materials, scarcely seemed to need the sanction of a deed.

This little Billy Williams, man of industry and business, working hard for his own good and for others—he gave his beloved church twenty years of unpaid labor as sexton—could look back to a childhood spent in the wildness of the buffalo hunt. As a boy he had roamed over lands human foot had no more than touched; he lived to see the region covered by towns and cities, crossed by roads and rails. In his infancy he had watched his people dance about a pole in the primitive sun worship of the tribe; he lived to see his own son the first ordained minister among the Nez Percés. He had seen changes the wisest of men could never have foreseen. They had brought both good and ill, comfort and distress, loss to some and prosperity to others. But to Billy all had seemed for the best.

When his last moments came he had a will to make. He asked his son-in-law to write it. He did not think of his farm, his house, his shop, his stock. He had a greater heritage than this to leave behind.

"Now I am going home," he said, "and the friendship existing between the whites and myself I bequeath to my family. Tell them this."



*Chief Joseph represented
but a portion of the Nez
Percés*

What the Queen Meant

CHARLOTTE F. KETT

Illustrations by Helen Reid Cross

THE sun was just touching the topmost battlements and gleaming on the armor of the guard as he made his way along the *chemin de ronde* when the Queen came to her bowery window to look over the castle gardens.

"Hello!" she said, and then, "What's up? Bless my soul! Isn't that the Chancellor out there raking the drive? And there's the Lord Chamberlain pruning the rosebushes, as sure as I'm a queen, and the Lord High Commissioner is weeding the onion bed! Whatever has happened?" Turning to question her ladies she found that she was all alone.

"Holla!" she called and clapped her hands. The walls echoed her summons and nothing else happened. She half ran, half skipped to her window again and called, "My Lord Chancellor, my Lord Chancellor!"

Clumsily the nobleman let drop his rake and looked up in the direction of the voice. "Yes, your Majesty!" he answered.

"What are you raking the drive for?"

"To get the leaves off it, your Majesty."

"But, but you've never done that before," spluttered the Queen. "I don't understand. Where is His Majesty?"

"The King is cleaning out the horses' stalls, your Majesty."

"The King—cleaning horses' stalls—?"

The Queen was pale as the white rose that climbed the trellis by her side. "Where are all my ladies?"

"Your ladies are doing the washing, I think, your Majesty, for I heard Lady Enid say she needed more hot water because the soap suds were not thick enough."

"Enid?—s-s-soap suds? I'm coming down!" said the Queen suddenly. And she did, in such a hurry that she almost bumped into the fat Prime Minister who was waddling along clutching a huge book in both hands and trying to read as he walked.

"I say, what are you doing?" asked the Queen.

"I've forgotten how to make muffins, your majesty," grinned the Prime



"There's the Lord Chamberlain pruning the rosebushes!"

Minister. "We always have them for breakfast, you know. The bacon is easy, and the porridge, and there's nothing to the prunes but boiling. But the muffins!"

"Well, what about the muffins?"

"Nothing, only that it is almost breakfast time, and I must hurry. If you'll excuse me, your Majesty." And off he went muttering to himself, "Two cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt. Pinch of salt, one teaspoon baking powder, two cups flour."

"I think," said the Queen, "I'm not sure, but I think I may be going crazy." She stopped suddenly and then slowly and deliberately made her way toward the back of the castle. In one corner of the kitchen she observed the Prime Minister busily beating up his batter. In another

Lady Enid was standing before the wash tub. At her bidding pages were busily running back and forth to the well outside with pails of water. Lady Marianne was stirring a steaming bowl of starch and several others were already in the courtyard hanging up the clothes.

"Oh Enid," called one, "I need more clothespins." Enid looked up, spied the Queen and said, "Your Majesty, there is a whole bag of clothespins on the shelf



"—and the Lord High Commissioner weeding the onion bed!"

beside you. Would you be good enough to take them out to Ethelwyn?" Obediently, as if in a dream, the Queen picked up the bag and took it out to the girls in the courtyard.

"Would you mind," said the Queen, "telling me just what this all means? You doing the washing, the Prime Minister worrying about muffins, the Chancellor sweeping the drive, and the King—the King cleaning out the stable?"

Just as she said this she caught her breath, for the King put his head out of the barn door and waved to her. His crown was crooked and a few wisps of hay stuck out of it.

"It means, your Majesty, that the servants have disappeared. Some say they have gone on

a strike and some say the fairies have carried them off for a holiday in fairyland. We don't know, but their work has got to be done, so we're doing it, that's all." She was interrupted by the rattle of a cart over the cobbles. It came to a halt at the door and out jumped the Prince.

"Good morning, mother. By Jove, it's no snap to milk cows. But there's the last can of milk, delivered safe and sound," and he clanked it down on

the kitchen steps. "Whew! Some job!" He mopped his face. "Father finished the barn yet? I'm hungry."

The smell of sizzling bacon was wafted out to them and in another second the ministerial silhouette of the cook was outlined in the doorway. "Breakfast is ready," he called, and everyone ran pellmell for the kitchen, mobbing the sink to wash their hands.

"I've never been so hungry in my life," said the Chancellor.

"Nor I," agreed the Lord Chamberlain. "Isn't it nice in the garden at sunrise?"

They all sat down to breakfast in high glee. The prunes disappeared in a twinkling. Then the porridge.

"Not bad cream, is it?" asked the Prince, a gleam of pride in his eye.

The Prime Minister began to look worried now. Maybe the bacon was too crisp. And the muffins—had he put enough salt in? The book had said a pinch but there are all kinds of pinches.

"Congratulations, sir," said the King, breaking in on his anxious thoughts. "These are the best muffins I've ever tasted. I say, my lady Queen, can you make muffins like these?" The Queen looked around the table. Such a babel! Enid's clear voice rang out with, "Now in order to wash clothes," then Marianne said, "There's a right and wrong way of making starch," and Ethelwyn chimed in with, "You should always hang up stockings by the toes."

"What do you say, my dear, can you make muffins like these?"

Could she? Could she? The Queen shook herself, blinked hard around the table, and—there beside her bed stood Lady Enid. "It's eight o'clock, your Majesty, will you breakfast now? There is bacon this morning, and muffins. I hope you slept well?"

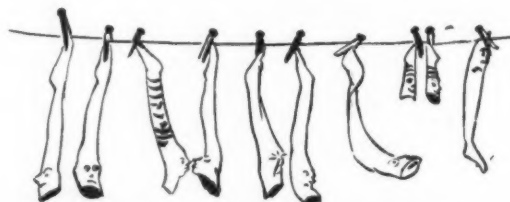
The Queen was still blinking. "Enid," she said, "Can you milk muffins? No, I don't mean that. Can you starch stables?" She paused. "No, not that either. I mean, can you rake roses? That's wrong, too, Enid." Again she paused, and then her eyes lost their bewilderment, she hopped briskly out of bed, and said, "What I really mean is, can you *work*? No, thank you, Enid, I'll breakfast in the breakfast room this morning. Be down stairs in a jiffy!"



"Ob, Enid, I need more clothespins"



The King put his head out of the barn door



"You should always hang up stockings by the toes!"



In the fields they make a fire and roast potatoes

Whitsuntide in Walachia*

BENEATH the shelter of Radhost Mountain in eastern Moravia lies the district of Walachia. Clumps of birches adorn the green slopes. Higher up are tousled beeches in which nest squirrels, owls, vultures and hawks, as well as woodpeckers and the singing birds. Still higher up grow tall pines and dwarfed firs. Amid the forests wind the grayish pastures, and lower down are the long, narrow plowed fields. Here and there on the slopes stands a neat little wooden cottage, with tiny windows and thatched roof.

Walachian children work from their infancy upwards. Early in the morning they must prepare the potatoes for dinner and carry water and wood. And before breakfast they must tend the cattle. In the fields they make a fire and roast some potatoes. And how diligently they prepare their lessons out there! They tell the time for school by the sun. They drive their cattle home, and, putting a piece of potato cake in their pockets, fly off to school over the rough, stony roads. But they have their games, too. The greatest pleasure for a boy is when he is the first to drive out his herd to the pastures on Whitsunday.

*Adapted from a story by Cyril Mack in the Czechoslovakian Junior Red Cross Magazine.

The young men and boys hardly sleep a wink the night before, for the first in the pasture becomes the "King of the Cowherds" for the year, and the others voluntarily obey him.

Those who come late call to the king: "Clear your fields of all the rubbish!" and the king retorts: "You stay-a-beds, you lazy dogs, drive out your h-e-rrr-d-s" . . . drawing out the word to the limit of his breath.

The last to arrive is greeted by the whole crowd, who shout till the very birds fly off in alarm: "Lazy dog, lie-a-bed, get your breakfast, get your breakf-s-st . . . !"

On this day everyone produces the best he has. One brings eggs, a second butter, another salt or bread, or cake or milk. Stones are placed for a hearth, a fire is laid and a meal prepared.

The girls make a table of stones or of the stump of a birch tree adorned with ribbons, and with bows and gracious gestures invite guests to the tea. Songs echo from hill to hill. While some are eating, the others cook the eggs. They enclose them in clay and place them in the glowing embers. When the eggs are cooked they are placed around the cows so that they will pasture well and not stray. Raw eggs are also broken on their hoofs to prevent their straying into the corn!

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published Monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1930, by the American National Red Cross.

Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Notice of any individual subscriber's change of address must be sent direct to the Washington office.

Vol. 11 MAY, 1930 No. 9

National Officers of the American Red Cross

HERBERT HOOVER.....President
ROBERT W. DE FOREST.....Vice-President
CALVIN COOLIDGE.....Vice-President

JOHN BARTON PAYNE.....Chairman Central Committee
CHARLES E. HUGHES, JR.....Counselor
ORDEN L. MILLS.....Treasurer
MAEL T. BOARDMAN.....Secretary
JAMES L. FISHER.....Vice-Chairman
ERNEST P. BICKNELL.....Vice-Chairman
JAMES K. MCCLINTOCK.....Vice-Chairman

H. B. WILSON.....Director, Junior Red Cross
ELLEN MCBRYDE BROWN.....Editor, Junior Red Cross Publications

*Happy hearts and happy faces, happy play in grassy places;
That was how, in ancient ages, children grew to kings and sages.*

—STEVENSON.

MORE ABOUT THE OREGON COUNTRY

WE think that Mrs. Seymour's story about Deacon Billy Williams of the Nez Percés will surely make you want to read more about the early days of the great Northwest. Try to get hold of an account of how Dr. Marcus Whitman brought the first four-wheeled wagon across the Rockies. A trapper said, when he saw that wagon, which had to have the hind wheels taken off to get down the Snake River Canyon: "Thar goes the end of the fur trade. When wheels can cross the Rockies, then the settlers." Another great story is the account of how Whitman rode East in winter, facing dreadful hardships of all kinds, persuaded the Mission Board in Boston not to withdraw the missionaries, saw President Tyler at Washington and got a wagon train of settlers to go back West with him. Honoré Willisse Morrow tells about these and other incidents in the life of Marcus Whitman in her book, "We Must March."

The story of Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés is very interesting, too. He was one of the noblest of Indian warriors and when, at last, he had to give up, he sent a message to General Howard of the United States Army in which he said:

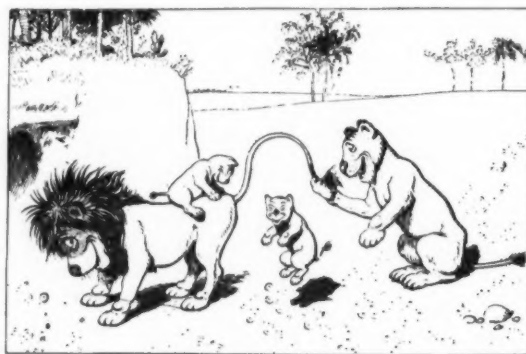
"Tell General Howard that I know his heart. I am tired of fighting. Too-hul-hul-sote is dead. The old men are all dead. Ollicut is dead. It is cold and we had no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. Hear me, my chiefs, my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more with the white man."

A MORO BOY OF ZAMBOANGA

The Calendar Picture for May

THE boy on the CALENDAR lives in Zamboanga, a town far south in the Philippine Islands. In the distance you see the houseboat that is his home. During the day time it is protected from the blistering sun by palmleaf mats thrown over a ridgepole. At night the mats are rolled up and the family cooks and sleeps under the stars. There is plenty of food: fish for the taking, rice and yams and cocoanuts. For rice, fruit and fresh water, some one must go ashore, and it is usually the boy. If the boat is anchored near the dock he dives in and swims *with all his clothes on*. But as his clothes consist of only a cotton scarf both winter and summer, they do not get in his way. His father carries copra, which is dried cocoanut meat, out to the freighters in the bay, or he may weigh anchor and set sail with his family for Jolo, still farther south, to dive for pearls. The boy and his people have lived on the water for centuries. They used to be fierce Moro pirates, the terror of Spaniards and Filipinos. But now they lead peaceful lives as fishermen and pearl divers in the southern seas.

—A. M. U.



COURTESY "DEUTSCHE JUGEND"

TEACHER: "Lazdinos, name me four carnivorous animals."

LAZDINOS: "Three tigers and a lion, sir."

—From "Radost," Czechoslovakia.

Nabi Effendi, the Turkish poet, says: Nature, giving us but one organ of speech, gave us two organs of hearing, in order to teach us to listen more than to speak.

—From "Radost," Czechoslovakia.

Sigrid from Lapland

JUST the other day, after the April number with the last instalment of "Sara, the Sun Child," was out, there came along from Sweden this doll in Lapp costume on her way to the Franklin Junior High School of Highland Park, New Jersey. In the letter that came with her the Junior Red Cross of Vilhelmina, Lapland, wrote:

We send you our kindest thanks for the pretty little Miss Doris Franklin, of whom our Junior Red Cross was the happy recipient last term. We were very much delighted to see how our far-away friends look.

We send in return a Laplander doll named Sigrid Vilhelmina Doipa, to show you how the primitive people of our land have looked and still look. The Lapps are today only a small tribe and also in these regions rather uncommon. However, they have preserved their customs and their gay dresses.

Our Junior Red Cross makes clothes that we then give to the poor. The Vilhelmina Junior Red Cross has newly been founded and therefore the more did your letter and doll gladden us.

Yours sincerely,
VILHELMINA JUNIOR RED CROSS,
Lapland, Sweden.



A League in Little*

MARY MARKHAM

DURING the Junior Red Cross Conference held at Geneva last summer, the delegates were invited to visit the Headquarters of the League of Nations and to hear from officials of the League some account of its work.

You all know that the League of Nations was formed after the Great War to prevent war, if possible, and to provide a means for settling international disputes, so removing the causes of war.

I do not think anyone can go to Geneva, the beautiful bright city that embraces the western end of the lake, where the blue and sparkling Rhone which entered at the east end, rushes out on its way to the sea, without feeling that Geneva and Switzerland have in a way a right to be the seat of this attempt to rid civilization of a great danger.

For in the history of Switzerland itself there

is the example of divers people leagued together for safety and justice, a sort of forecast of what a world federation might achieve.

Switzerland is a country of many valleys, of districts ringed in by mountains. In the old days many small nations or tribes lived in the valleys and were much harassed by the fighting princes and ambitious nobles who were their overlords, or claimed to be, and even by the princes of the Church, who had little more regard for peace than their neighbors.

Now, in the heart of this mountainous land, lay the Lake of the Four Cantons, and in the valleys that surrounded the lake lived tribes of Teutonic or German stock. Shut in by the mountains, communicating with each other by the lake, independent, hardy, resolute, the people

*Reprinted from the British Junior Red Cross Journal.

were pastoral, raising flocks and herds and living principally on milk and cheese. They were subject, however, to the domination of the House of Hapsburg and in frequent danger from the exactions or quarrels of their overlord, the Emperor, or his turbulent friends or enemies.

Common danger made common cause (you see the moral beginning to appear), and in 1291 these cantons made a Pact, so wise, so far-sighted, so far-reaching in its influence, and in certain respects so like the underlying principles of the League of Nations, that it is of extraordinary interest to us today.

Knowing that in Union is Strength, the Three Cantons—Uri, Schwyz (from which Switzerland takes its name) and Unterwald—bound themselves by this Pact to stand by each other against outside enemies, and to refer any dispute that might arise among themselves to arbitration by the wisest and most prudent of the Confederates.

Let me translate for you something of the fine old wording of this noble Pact. It was, of course, written in Latin, but here is a bit of it through old French:

"In the name of the Lord; Amen. It is honorable and profitable to the public weal to confirm according to pious usage agreements which have for their object, security and peace.

"Therefore, be it known unto all, that, taking into consideration the gravity of the times, and that they may the better defend and maintain their independence, their lives and their goods, the men of the Valley of Uri, of the Community of Schwyz, and the men of Nidwald, have undertaken under a solemn oath to sustain one another against all and every man who shall offer to any of them with intent to harm him in life or holding, any act of violence or injustice, and to this end they will aid, advise, and assist one another in every way in their valleys and beyond, with their lives and with their goods . . .

"Should any difference arise between any of the Confederates, those whose judgment carries most weight are to intervene as mediators to settle the difference as may seem wise to them, and the other Confederates shall set themselves against the party that rejects such decision.

"Should war or strife arise between any of the Confederates, and should one of the parties refuse to place his cause in the hands of justice or to enter into an agreement, the Confederates are bound to support the other side."

Thus the Three Cantons bound themselves for mutual defense and for their own security. In order that they might present a united front against attack from without, they decreed arbitration to settle their own differences. Stripped of all complications, is not that the idea of a League of Nations?

There were other wise provisions in the Pact.

These proud and independent peasants swore, moreover, that they would not recognize in their valleys the authority of "any judge who should have bought his office for money or by any other means or who does not dwell in our valleys or is not a member of our communities."

They also made regulations for the lawful punishment of certain classes of crime—murder, arson and theft.

And so, standing loyally by each other (the first condition for success), the Confederates faced the dangers that surrounded them, and one after another the neighboring cantons came into the bond. First came Lucerne, then Zurich, Glaris and Zug and Berne and so on; none losing its identity, but all acting together for the common protection.

Switzerland at this day is a Confederation of twenty-two cantons, or states, differing in many respects from one another as nations may differ. There are French-Swiss cantons and German-Swiss cantons. In some French is spoken, in some German, in some Italian; some cantons are Catholic, some are Protestant. In their internal affairs they are self-governing, and their customs and local regulations may be widely different. In one canton, for example, Sunday motoring may be entirely prohibited, in another the speed limit may vary, but the Confederation, founded upon a common danger and cemented by loyalty, stands.

In 1815, at the Peace of Paris, when European affairs were settled after the long distraction of the Napoleonic Wars, the Powers recognized the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland.

The Confederation was the daughter of necessity, and became the mother of security.

It is a living proof that people of diverse tongues and faiths can live together under a common law, free and independent, yet one and indivisible.

History has taught the same lesson in many ways: the warring kingdoms of the Heptarchy are now England; Scotland and England fought each other for centuries till common interest and common sense made Great Britain of them; France was once a country of perpetually warring Dukedoms.

Sitting in the hall of the League of Nations and looking out on the blue and smiling lake, it seems reasonable to believe that with all history spread out before us to guide us we ought to be able to profit and learn the lesson of cooperation so plainly set out in the Great Pact of 1291.



The Kawabe School in Japan wrote about their Junior Red Cross activities and sent pictures of some of them. Here they are going after harmful insects in the rice fields

More P's and Q's of Correspondence

ANY school that has made and sent off an international school correspondence album knows what a long time it seems before a return can come. But a letter from the faraway correspondent saying that the album has been received and liked helps a lot; a really nice one is next best to getting the reply album itself. That is what the Nordhoff Grammar School of Ojai, California, must have realized when it wrote to its correspondent school in Bransk, Poland:

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"As we just received your lovely album and letters we are writing to you in appreciation. We were delighted with the album and the beautiful holder for it that you made. It is so beautifully done that we wondered who made it.

"Your descriptions of your country give us an excellent picture, and we can imagine very well what your school is like. We have a school savings, too, only it is all put in the main bank in Ojai. You answered all our questions beautifully.

"The boys and girls of our school would like you to know something about the things that grow in our valley. We have quite a few apricot orchards. Each summer the children and women of our valley pit the apricots for the canneries. It is very beautiful to see oranges growing. The boughs of the trees hang nearly to the ground. The leaves are a dark green, the orange blossoms are white with a cream-colored center, containing a drop of sweet honey. They are very fragrant.

"Each summer we have wild flowers and all kinds of bushes with flowers on them. We are not allowed to pick very many of the flowers,

so that some of them may go to seed, and grow more and prettier flowers the following year.

"We are very sorry to say our village is not as thrifty as yours. Next to our school is a field. Every year when they plow they leave a space of twenty to thirty feet at each corner. I think all of our village could take a lesson from you on thrift.

"Each winter most of our birds go south. In the spring they return. When you waken in the morning you always hear a bird singing. Sometimes they build their nests in a tree or even in a honeysuckle vine close to a house. Out in the country you see squirrels, wild rabbits, chipmunks, and many other small wild creatures.

"We thought you might like to know what we do in school. We have fourteen studies. They are geography, history, English, hygiene, arithmetic, art, music, nature study, spelling, reading, physical education, folk dancing, and penmanship. Some of these we have only twice a week.

"We have thirteen rooms in our school, including the kindergarten, with five hundred and sixty-three children. Our school is a Spanish type building with a red tile roof, built like an L. There are four other schools in Ojai valley: a junior high school, a senior high school, and two private schools, where they pay tuition.

"We do not pay for our books, pencils and paper, as you do. Our schools are absolutely free. Our mothers and fathers and other people who own property pay taxes and the trustees of our school buy the supplies we need.

"We have been interested in studying the big

flat plain in Poland, and we are going to study about your country in history.

"We have a pageant every year in the park of Ojai, which usually consists of scenes in the early days when we had Indians and pioneers.

"May friendship always exist between our country and yours."

AND HERE is still another matter on the subject of "P's" and "Q's" of international correspondence: One of the things that makes this correspondence interesting is the fact that it is carried on between Junior Red Cross groups in different lands. What could be more natural than that a Junior group in Czechoslovakia, say, should want to know what its correspondent school in the United States, for example, is doing in the way of Junior work? Yet it is a fact that many and many of the albums exchanged do not so much as mention the common membership in the organization, much less tell about Junior activities. Now some of the European countries have even said that they do not want to receive albums that leave out mention of the Junior Red Cross. The Elementary School at St. Sylvestre, Quebec, included this article on "Our Junior Red Cross" in the album they sent to the Marshall School at Dubuque, Iowa:

"A little over a year ago we organized our Junior Red Cross and today we are very proud of our past work. We have our president and our secretary; our teacher is our local manager. During the past year we made scrapbooks for the little invalids and sent them some of our toys. We also collected small sums for our crippled children's fund. Our group is small, with only 18 members from 5 to 12 years of age. We have one English-speaking member only; the others are all French. Therefore, we are taught both languages, and it is very interesting, I assure you.

"We often have discussions on 'Citizenship.' We then talk about all the noble men and women of our vast country and hope to imitate them when we are grown to be men and women.

"We also have interior and exterior sanitation committees to keep our school and yard clean. The girls sweep, dust and keep finger and pencil marks off walls and desks. They also keep the windows and drinking glasses shining. Our boys carry water, keep our steps and walks shoveled in winter and in summer they see that the yard is tidy. Last spring we planted trees, but, unfortunately, none of them rooted.

"Last June we had wonderful luck, winning second prize at the Toronto Exhibition for an album we sent to our Belgian friends. With the money we bought a lovely bookcase, and all our beloved Canadian Red Cross Junior magazines and your album and the one from our Austrian friends were the first to be placed in it.

"Our teacher gave us money with which to buy bulbs and today our window has beautiful white narcissus blossoms. How we love to watch those bulbs grow and flower!

"Really we love all our Red Cross work, but what pleases us most in this organization is the interschool correspondence. We wish to describe as clearly as possible our industries, and tell as many interesting things as possible about our cities and towns and our country in general. And we hope that all our Junior Red Cross correspondents will fill their albums with as many views as possible and tell us much about their country. It is such a help when studying history and geography.

"Altogether, we think Red Cross wonderful, don't you?"



"Your portfolio." The Terrace Union School of Colton, Cal., sent this picture in their reply album to the Buererschule in Ternitz, Austria

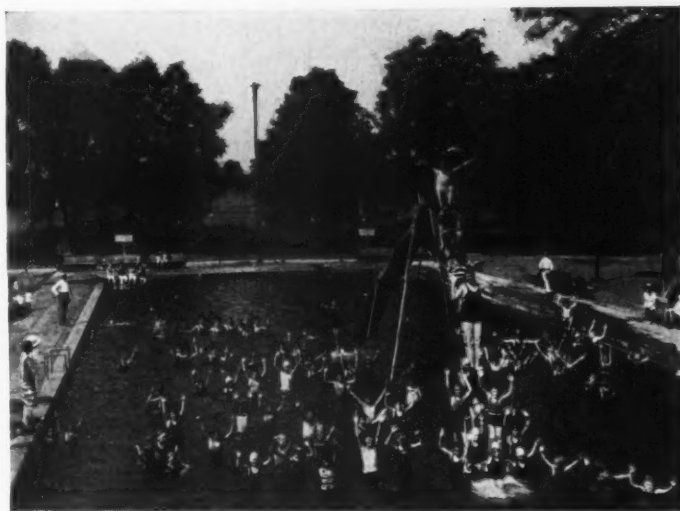


Public School No. 4 in Brooklyn, N. Y., sent their correspondents in Rome, Italy, this picture of toy-making for the Junior Red Cross

Swim for Health—Safety—Fun!

IN THE Charter given the American Red Cross in 1905 by Congress, one of the duties laid on the organization was "to continue and carry on a system of national and international relief" and "to devise and carry on measures for preventing" the sufferings caused by great national calamities. As the years went on many in the organization and others outside saw that epidemics, poor health and all of the thousands of smaller accidents each year were as truly calamities for the American people as the sudden great disasters. All citizens, as well as nurses and doctors, ought to have a certain amount of training. So, one after another, Red Cross departments in First Aid, Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick, Nutrition and so on were organized to help American men, women, boys and girls to gain better health and be ready for emergencies. Many Juniors arrange for these courses as part of their "fitness for service" work.

On February 1, 1914, the American Red Cross Life Saving Corps was formed to give instruction in "water First Aid." Since that time the work has grown and grown until hundreds of thousands of American grown-ups and children have completed swimming or life-saving courses and received Beginner's or Swimmer's buttons or Junior or Senior Life Saver's certificates and bathing-suit emblems. And now this summer



When the classes started, Juniors from the parish joined the city Juniors at the Alexandria pool

at the camps and beaches and as much as possible at the pools the Red Cross is going to launch a new motto: "All-round watermanship." Besides the usual courses and water sports and pageants, there will be more than ever about handling canoes and boats and using life-saving equipment.

One of the best-planned campaigns we have heard about for getting Juniors out to swim for health, safety and fun was worked out by the Rapides Parish, Louisiana, members, with headquarters at Alexandria, the parish seat. At the Rally in May, when all of the city and parish schools organized a Junior Red Cross Council, the chairman of Swimming and Life Saving of the Rapides Chapter was invited to speak. He gave the delegates forms to take to their home schools for listing the number of non-swimmers, swimmers and advanced swimmers among their pupils. The chairman of the Junior Red Cross Council in each school then took charge of getting these figures to the Chapter. Classes were planned to begin as soon as school closed and announcements were sent to all the buildings.

When the courses started, members from the schools out through the parish came in to join the city Juniors at the big out-of-door Alexandria pool. During the summer 39 Beginners, 21 Swimmers, 56 Junior Life Savers and 15 Senior Life Savers won their awards and 26 Juniors also completed a course in First Aid.



"Swim Week" developed these Junior Life Savers in Charleston, Missouri



Junior Red Cross members of Southwest LaGrange School gave a pageant at a Red Cross regional conference in Columbus, Ga. Afterwards they were guests at a pageant given in honor of Major-General Welles who was visiting at Fort Benning

May News of Juniors

HOLLENBECK Junior High School, in Los Angeles, made a peace flag for World Good Will Day. The Hollenbeck Siren carried this item about it:

The members of the Red Cross Council are very busy over the new peace flag which is being made. The flag is a large one, of white felt, with gold rays. Each ray represents a world peace movement. In the center is a large circular field filled with 83 stars of different pastel colors. Each star represents one of the independent nations of the world. Each home room is asked to sponsor one of these nations by buying one or two of the stars.

The girls of the sewing classes are making the flag and Abe Grossman and Eric Pridonoff are doing the lettering on the rays and stars. The flag is very beautiful, and its golden halo of peace surrounding the nations of the world makes us realize how much the world is longing for peace and working towards achieving it.

Two points the item did not mention are that the art department worked out all of the design, and room was left for more rays as more peace movements come in the world.

AFTER P. S. 15, New York City, had enjoyed some of the dried fruits from Turkish Juniors, one of the Eighth Grade girls wrote this letter:

DEAR JUNIORS OF THE TURKISH RED CRESCENT:

It was indeed a most delightful surprise to receive

the delicious figs and raisins you sent us. It seems like Christmas again with good things to eat. We bought our present from the store, but you did a more wonderful thing! You raised yours.

You will probably be happy to know that the raisins are going to be appreciated by others besides ourselves. We plan to use them in cookies which we are going to bake in our cooking class for the soldiers in the Veterans' Hospital. Similar to your organization, our Junior Red Cross has for its object "service to others." Do you know that a lovely Turkish lady, Madame Hussein Bey, visited us a few years ago and she said, "When I get back to Turkey, I shall establish an organization and call it 'The Juniors of the Turkish Red Crescent'? . . . Our beloved principal, Miss Knox, is traveling this spring, and she expects to visit Constantinople. She would be delighted to see Madame Hussein Bey again. . . .

TWENTY big cases came to San Francisco from the Japanese Junior Red Cross, full of

New Year's gifts—portfolios, drawings, knitting, models of Japanese garments, stamp collections, dolls and all sorts of fascinating little toys and trinkets. Most of the gifts went to schools of the Pacific Branch which had filled holiday boxes for Japan, but some came East for exhibits. They were sent out without translations, so the West Coast Juniors asked Japanese people living in their neighborhood



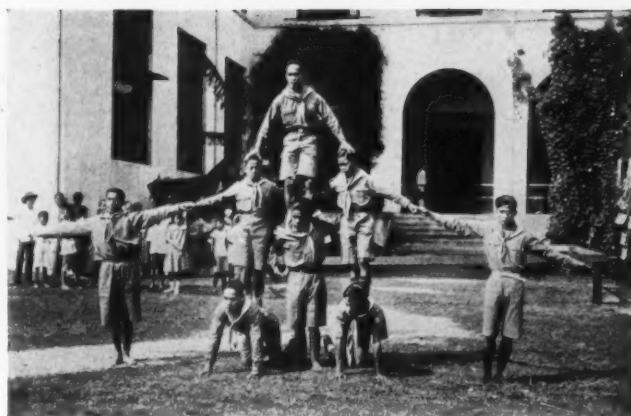
Spring Hill School, near Ramona, Cal., has sent albums to Belgium, Poland, Italy, Japan and England. They also weed gardens, send fresh flowers to the Naval Hospital for disabled veterans and make vases for hospital use

or school children of Japanese parents to translate the messages and explain the uses of the articles.

WITH the gift of \$25.00 to the National Children's Fund, which Manistee, Michigan, members made at the close of school, the Sixth Grade of the Woodrow Wilson School sent this report of how they raised their share:

We have \$1.90 to contribute to the Junior Red Cross. This money was earned or sacrifices were made in the following ways:

- Two children gave up sundaes.
- One hoed a row of strawberries.
- One gave up going to a show.
- One cut grass.
- Others peddled papers and sold magazines.



These Boy Scouts in the School for the Deaf and Blind at Manila, P. I., are acrobatic, though blind. The school has a blind student orchestra, and all the pupils are Juniors

ONE of the Phoenix Indian School girls in Arizona told her teacher how she had put in practice last summer what she had learned in the Red Cross First Aid class. Some tourists near her home were in great distress, for the man in the party had been bitten by a rattlesnake. His wife was hysterical and had no idea what to do so far from a doctor. "I hurried up and thought hard of what you told us to do," the girl said. After following the First Aid rules she soon had the party started toward the nearest doctor.

Herbert Enis, of this same school, sent this account of a service he had performed, illustrating it with a very clever sketch:

When I was going home I saw a big rattlesnake on the road. I stopped my horse and got off his back, looking for a rock to kill the snake with. I soon found one about five pounds in weight and got on the horse's back again. I went close to the bush where it was coiled. It was ready to jump, but before I knew it I had smashed its head. I think I did some Red Cross work for the people who lived near that road. I know how old the snake was. It was about sixteen years old, for it had sixteen rattles.

A JUNIOR Red Cross Drinking Fountain has been put up in the Tourists' Camp at Nat-chitoches, Louisiana, by the children of the Training School at the Louisiana State Normal College. Two words are inscribed on the fountain: "I Serve."



Painesville, Ohio, Juniors who took part in the May Day pageant. They are starting a Foreign Correspondence Museum in one corner of their school ball

BERNARD NEWMAN and Isidore Guttman of the School for the Deaf in New York City, who have been totally deaf all their lives, were so impressed with the Creed of the Chilean Juniors in the December News that they asked permission to make copies in the printing room large enough to hang in each classroom. They chose the kind and size of type and cardboard and did a really beautiful piece of work.

THE tableau used for the Junior Red Cross float in the Jackson, Mississippi, May Day parade would be a good one, too, for World Good Will Day. The idea was to show the Red Cross uniting the children of all nations. A Red Cross lady in a costume of flowing white with white veil, from a high seat held ribbons going out to the children on the float, who wore costumes of many lands planned from old Junior Red Cross posters. The Richmond Juniors used a similar idea in their Adventure Day float. (See back cover.)

FOR their last Council meeting of the year the Utica, New York, grade school representatives planned a party at the Home for Aged Men and Couples, with piano solos, dances and a recitation, "Father World's Party." For refreshments, cooking classes in three schools made chocolate and coconut cakes.

Comrades in Other Lands



A school in Geneva made an excursion to the narcissus fields above Montreux, Switzerland

IN THE Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross magazine the Juniors of the school at Vselisy tell this story of their spring ceremony of "burying splinters":

When spring comes, our greatest joy is to run about barefooted over the grass, the hillside and the paths and lanes. One thing spoils this pleasure and that is the cut heels, soles and toes caused by sharp pieces of broken glass and pitcher, rusty wire, nails and so on.

When the number of injured increased and every day some one had to be attended to for cuts, we determined on stern action. We declared war upon all pieces of broken glass and pitcher, wire, old iron, tin, broken pots and sharp stones, and issued a law that all these were to be collected and buried so as to put an end to the nuisance.

A big box was placed in front of the school and into it we flung all the noxious odds and ends which we collected from the playground and the paths and slopes on the way to school. Before the box was full, preparations were made for the ceremony of burial. The girls rehearsed dances, the boys made musical instruments for a regular band, and a wizard drew up his maledictory formulas. To the joy of everybody a number of

masked figures were arranged: a gravedigger, Death, spirits and a figure representing the wounded.

The ceremonial day arrived. Four gravediggers went forth early after dinner with their spades to dig a deep grave behind the school. In the meantime the girls had brought flowers from the woods and fields and decked out those who were to dance. Then all the children arranged themselves in a procession. First came the bearer of the flag, and behind him the band with trumpets and a drum. The gravedigger in black with his assistants pushed the box along on a wheelbarrow decorated with flowers and wreaths. Behind them walked solemnly the wizard. He wore a long blue cloak and high cap on which were the magic signs of his mysterious powers. Death in a white shroud followed him and then came the wounded figure. The children followed in a long procession. The trumpeters blew their trumpets and the funeral cortège passed through the garden to the place where the grave had been prepared. The gravediggers lowered the box into the grave and at the moment was heard the deep voice of the wizard:

Hey, ho, presto, no more pain:
Pitcher, nails and wire and glass,
Curséd be, and from our paths,
From our slopes for ever pass!

In further verses he described the evil deeds of these enemies of children, and the deserved fate they were suffering. The band played a funeral march and to its notes the grave was filled in. The dancing-girls danced to the song, "I've a thorn in my left foot," the other children sang and we all rejoiced over the grave.



These Juniors of the Realgymnasium in Rudebeul, near Dresden, Germany, wrote in English to their correspondents in Brooklyn

SINCE May 18, 1922, when the children of Wales sent out by wireless their first World Good Will Day message, in memory of the First Conference at the Hague in 1899 (the first conference of nations to consider peaceful ways of settling international difficulties), the idea of celebrating this day has spread to most of the civilized countries. The 1929 Welsh greeting was broadcast in six languages—French, German, Spanish, Esperanto, Welsh and English—by some of the principal radio stations of the world. Many replies were sent last year. The Japanese message said in part:

We, the children of the land of cherry blossoms and snow-capped Fujiyama, wish to join, on this International Good Will Day, the children of Wales who sent us a message last year, and to the children of other lands, in the cheer and prayer for a better and more peaceful world.

We, too, would rather settle old quarrels without fighting. We can even hope to learn to think and talk without quarreling. We prefer to build more schools and fewer warships by getting rid of hate and prejudice. . . .

It will be interesting to see what American Junior Red Cross members will decide to say in their first international radio message on May 15, 1930.

LAST May the Juniors of Avallon, France, held an international school correspondence exhibition in their old town hall. Hundreds of visitors enjoyed their display of dolls in national costumes, little shoes of braided raffia, daintily painted ribbons, lovely handmade lace, models in clay, albums, drawings, paintings and other handiwork by Juniors of their own and fifteen other countries.

As a return for the articles lent them by the League of Red Cross Societies in Paris the Avallon members sent Morvandelle, a doll in the old-time peasant costume of their region, for the League's Junior Red Cross Museum. Now Morvandelle accepts invitations from other Juniors organizing exhibitions.

EUROPEAN Juniors of half a dozen or more countries raise money all through the school year for their summer colonies in the mountains or on the seashore. Usually only members or other children specially needing out-of-door life go to the colonies, but sometimes a whole school plans an outing. Some of the boys of the Maribor, Jugoslavia, Junior Red Cross give this description of life at their colony on the Dalmatian coast:

Every morning after breakfast we went to the forest on the seashore. There we made tents for those who wished to sleep and the others of us



Two of the A. V. S. boys working on the new dormitory building. It takes time and patience to fabricate a reinforced concrete beam

played about in the open air. At half past nine we went bathing. Then we sat in the sun for a time and had a bite to eat. Another dip, another sun-bath, and it was noon—time to go home for dinner. . . . We splashed a little, we drank a little sea water, but in the end we could swim. . . .

To the seashore again after the resting time, and again after supper. We organized a choir and in the evening sang Slovenian songs on the beach while the Dalmatians gathered about and listened.

ON March 11 an American boat bringing 500 tourists arrived in Durazzo, Albania. The Durazzo officials met the guests and escorted them to Tirana, where boys from the Albanian Vocational School acted as interpreters during a short tour of the town and a visit to the old town of Kruja, the home of the national hero Skanderbeg.* Other boys sold copies of *Laboremus* printed in English telling about Albania and their school. Some of the A. V. S. boys and many of the people of Tirana put on their national costumes to honor the visitors, for this was the first time that a boat of this kind had ever come to Albanian shores.

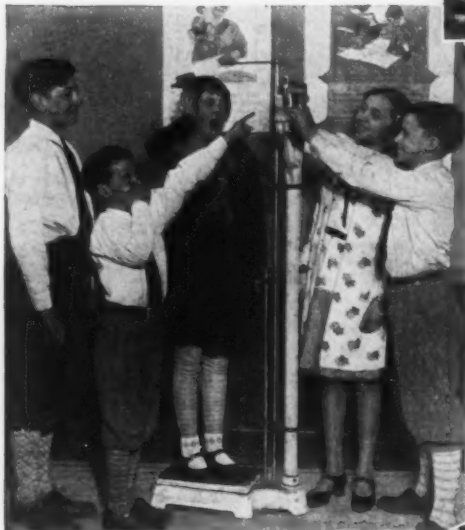
*See Miss Upjohn's story, "The Skanderbeg Jacket," in the September, 1928, *News*.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

May, 1930

	Page
A BULGARIAN SHEPHERDESS	
<i>Anna Milo Upjohn</i>	Cover
IF FLOWERS WERE FOLKS	
<i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i>	194
<i>Decoration by Enid Hoeglund</i>	
THE CAPSIZE OF THE ICE QUEEN	
<i>Harriette Wilburr Porter</i>	195
<i>Illustrations by Frank J. Rigney</i>	
MAN'S BEST FRIEND TAKES A	
NEW JOB.	199
BUSINESS BILLY AND THE BOSTONS	
<i>Flora Warren Seymour</i>	200
WHAT THE QUEEN MEANT	
<i>Charlotte F. Kett</i>	203
<i>Illustrations by Helen Reid Cross</i>	
WHITSUNTIDE IN WALACHIA.	205
EDITORIALS	206
A LEAGUE IN LITTLE. <i>Mary Markham</i>	207
MORE P's AND Q's OF CORRE-	
SPONDENCE	209
SWIM FOR HEALTH—SAFETY—FUN!	211
MAY NEWS OF JUNIORS.	212
COMRADES IN OTHER LANDS.	214

THE Summer School in Chicago put on a health play (below), which was broadcast on a Saturday over station WMAQ. The same school always takes an active part in the annual clean-up campaign which comes this year from April 21 to May 5. "Clean-up, Paint-up, Plant-up, and Follow-up throughout the year" is their slogan.



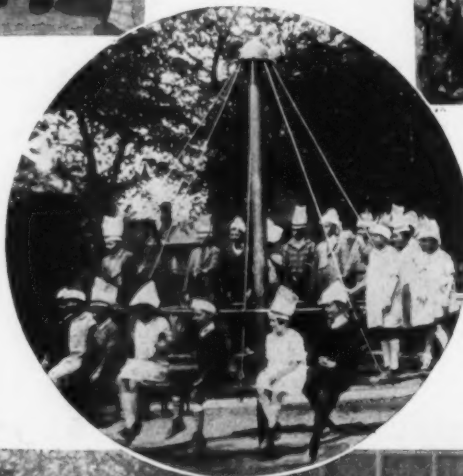
THE chief local project of the Newark, N. J., Juniors last year was the making in school of 250 uniforms for children who are cared for by the Newark Fresh Air Fund. Altogether there were 750 garments made. Above are a few of the girls wearing the uniforms. The Greek currants which went to Newark were made into cookies and served at one of their Junior Council meetings. Most of the cookies, though, were sent to two city institutions.

JUNIORS in the first grade of Pujals School in Porto Rico gave a Japanese folk dance (right) as their part of a show which was held in the Broadway Theater, San Juan. Porto Rican schools are 100 per cent Junior Red Cross.



THE Junior Red Cross float (lower left) of the Adventure Day Parade in Richmond, Va. Pupils of Jefferson School, where many nationalities are represented, were chosen to ride in it. Each child held a ribbon which was attached to the globe in the center of the float.

"THE Bellman of Mons" (lower right) was presented by the ninth grade of the William Wilson School in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., at the annual meeting of the Westchester County Junior Red Cross.



THESE (left) are Juniors of the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, in Englewood. They are wearing a few of the paper hats which they, together with other schools of the Pittsburgh Chapter, made and sent to disabled war veterans for Decoration Day. The Pittsburgh Chapter Juniors sent \$2,000 to the Pittsburgh Farm School in France, and a box with 88 pairs of silk stockings to Dr. Grenfell's mission in Labrador.

